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The LIFE and DEATH OF THE Piper of *Kilbarchan*,

OR,

The Epitaph of Habbie Simſon,
Who on his Drone bore bonny Flags;
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimſon,
And babbed when he blew the Bags.

KILBARCHAN now may ſay, alas!
For ſhe hath loſt her Game and Grace,
Both Trixie, and the Maiden Trace:
But what Remead?
For no Man can ſupply his Place,
Hab Simſon's *dead.*

Now wha ſhall play, The Day it daws?
Or hunt up, when the Cock he craws?
Or wha can for our Kirk-town-cauſe,
Stand us in Stead?
On Bag-pipes (now) no Body blaws,
Sen Habbie's *dead.*

Or wha will cauſe our Shearers ſhear ?
Wha will bend up the Brags of Weir,
Bring in the Bells, or good play meir,
In Time of need ?
Hab Simſon cou'd, what need you ſpear ?
But (now) he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbours neiſt,
At *Beltan* and Saint *Barchan*'s Feaſt,
He blew, and then held up his Breaſt,
As he were weid ;
But now we need not him arreſt,
For Habbie's *dead.*

At Fairs he play'd before the Spear-men,
All gaily graithed in their Gear Men,
Steel Bonnets, Jacks, and Swords ſo clear then
Like ony Bead.
Now wha ſhall play before ſic Weir-men,
Sen Habbie's *dead ?*

At Clark-plays when he wont to come ;
His Pipe play'd trimly to the Drum,
Like Bikes of Bees he gart it bum,
And tun'd his Reed,
Now a' our Pipers may ſing dumb,
Sen Habbie's *dead.*

And at Horſe Races mony a Day,
Before the Black, the Brown, the Gray,
He gart his Pipe, when he did play,
Baith skirl and skreed:
Now a' ſic Paſtimes 'quite away,
Sen Habbie's *dead.*

He counted was a wail'd wight man,
And fiercely at Foot-ba he ran:
At every Game the Gree he wan,
For Pith and Speed:
The like of *Habbie* was na than,
But now he's dead.

And then, beſides his valiant Acts,
At Bridals he wan mony Placks,
He bobbed ay behind Fo'ks Backs,
And ſhook his Head,
Now we want many merry Cracks,
Sen Habbie's *dead.*

He was Convoyer of the Bride,
With Kittock hinging at his Side:
About the Kirk he thought a Pride
The Ring to lead:
But now we may gang but a Guide,
For Habbie's *dead.*

So well's he keeped his *Decorum*,
And a the Stots of *Whip-meg-morum*,
He ſlew a Man, and wae's me for him,
And bure the Fead!
But yet the Man wan hame before him,
And was not dead!

Ay whan he play'd, the Laſſes leugh,
To ſee him toothleſs, auld and teugh,
He wan his Pipes beſide *Borcleugh*,
Withoutten Dread,
Which after wan him Gear enough,
But not he's dead.

Ay when he play'd the Gaitlings gather'd,
And when he ſpake, the Carl blether'd:
On Sabbath-Days his Cap was feather'd,
A ſeemly Weid.
In the Kirk-yard his Mare ſtood teather'd.
Where he lies dead.

Alas! for him my Heart is ſair,
For of his Springs I got a Skair,
At ilky Play, Race, Feaſt and Fair,
But Guile or Greed,
We need not look for Pyping mair,
Sen Habbie's *dead*.

THE

The last DYING WORDS of Bonny *HECK*,

A Famous Grey-hound in the Shire of *Fife*.

By W—— H——.

ALas, alas, quo' bonny *Heck*,
On former Days when I reflect!
I was a Dog much in Reſpect
For doughty Deed:
But now I muſt hing by the Neck
Without Remeed.

O fy, Sirs, for black burning Shame,
Ye'll bring a Blunder on your Name!
Pray, tell me wherein I'm to blame?
Is't in Effect,
Becauſe I'm cripple, auld and lame?
Quo' bonny Heck.

What great Feats I have done my ſell
Within Clink of *Kilrenny* Bell,
When I was ſouple, young and fell,
But Fear or Dread:
John Neſs and *Paterſon* can tell,
Whoſe hearts may bleid.

They'll

They'll witneſs that I was the Vier
Of all the Dogs within the Shire,
I'd run a Day, and never tire :
But now my Neck
It maun be ſtretched for my Hire,
Quo' bonny Heck.

How nimbly could I turn the Hare,
Then ſerve my ſelf, that was right fair !
For ſtill it was my conſtant Care
The Van to lead.
Now what could ſery *Heck* do mair,
Syne kill her dead ?

At the *King's-Muir* and *Kelly-Law*,
Where good ſtout Hares gang faſt away,
So cliverly I did it claw,
With Pith and Speed,
I bure the Bell before them a,
As clear's a Beid.

I ran alike on a' kind Grounds,
Yea in the midſt of *Ardry* Whins,
I grip't the Mawkings be the Bunns,
Or be the Neck :
Where nathing could ſlay them but Guns,
Save bonny Heck.

I wily, witty was, and gaſh,
With my auld ſelni pawky Paſh,
Nae Man might anes buy me for Caſh,
In ſome Reſpect:
Are they not then confounded raſh,
That hangs poor Heck?

I was a bardy Tyke and bauld
Tho' my Beard's gray, I'm no ſae auld.
Can any Man to me unfald,
What is the Feid,
To ſtane me ere I be well cauld?
A cruel Deed!

Now Honeſty was ay my Drift,
An innocent and harmleſs Shift,
A Kail-pot-lid gently to lift,
Or Amry Sneck;
Shame fa the Chafts dare call that Thift,
Quo' bonny Heck.

So well's I cou'd play *hocus pocus,*
And of the Servants make *Fodocus.*
And this I did in every *Locus,*
Throw their Neglect:
And was not this a merry *Jocus,*
Quo' bonny Heck?

But

But now, good Sirs, this Day is loſt,
The beſt Dog in the Eaſt-nook Coaſt,
For never ane durſt brag nor boaſt
Me, for their Neck:
But now I muſt yield up the Ghoſt,
Quo' bonny Heck.

And put a Period to my ta'king,
For I'm unto my *Exit* making:
Sirs, ye may a' gae to the hawking,
And there reflect,
Ye'll ne'er get ſic a Dog for Mawking,
As bonny Heck.

But if my Puppies anes were ready,
Which I gat on a bonny Lady;
They'll be baith cliver, keen and beddy,
And ne'er neglect
To clink it like their ancient Daddy,
The famous Heck.

ELEGY on Lucky *WOOD* in the *Canongate, May* 1717.

O *CANNIGATE!* poor elritch Hole,
What Loſs, what Croſſes does thou thole?
London and Death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy Head:
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal
To blaw indeed.

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen,
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,
And Eccho ſhrill, that a' may ken,
The waefou Thud,
Be rackleſs Death, wha came unſenn
To Lucky WOOD.

She's dead o'er true, ſhe's dead and gane,
Left us and *WILLIE* Burd alane
To bleer and greet, to ſob and mane,
And rug our Hair,
Becauſe we'll ne'er ſee her again
For evermair.

She gae'd as fait as a new Prin
And kept her Houſie ſnod and been,
Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,
Like Siller Plate;
She was a donſie Wife and clean,
Without Debate.

It did ane good to ſee her Stools,
Boord, Fire-ſide, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,
Basket wi' Bread
Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,
Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a Lawin fauſe,
Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hauſe,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Wa's,
But reaming Swats;
She never ran ſow'r Jute, becauſe
It gi'es the Batts.

She had the Gate ſae well to pleaſe,
With *gratis* Beef, dry Fiſh, or Cheeſe,
Which kept our Purſes ay at Eaſe,
And Health in Tift,
And lent her freſh Nine Gallon Trees
A hearty Lift.

She ga'e us aft haill Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
A bra Gooſe Pye:
And was nae that good Belly Baum?
Nane dare deny.

The

The Writer Lads ſow well may mind her,
Furthy was ſhe, her Luck deſign'd her
Their common Mither, ſure nane kinder
Ever brake Bread;
She has nae left her Maik behind her,
But now ſhe's dead.

To the ſma Hours we aft ſat ſtill,
Nick'd round our Toaſts and Sniſhing-mill,
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,
The beſt of Bread,
Which aften coſt us mony a Gill
To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our ſaut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra*'s Lin,
That a the Warld might hear the Din
Rair frae ilk Head;
She was the Wale of a' her Kin,
But now ſhe's dead.

O Lucky *WOOD* 'tis hard to bear
The Loſs; but Oh! we maun forbear:
Yet ſall thy Memory be dear
While blooms a Tree,
And after Ages Bairns will ſpear
'Bout Thee and Me,

EPI-

EPITAPH.

BEneath this Sod
Lies Lucky *WOOD*,
Whom a' Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na ſweer;
While ſhe winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for naithing.

Lucky *SPENCE*'s laſt Advice.

THree Times the CARLINE grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the Cod her Pow ſhe lifted,
In Bawdy Policy well gifted,
When ſhe now faun
That Death na langer wad be ſhifted,
She thus began:

MY loving Laſſes, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,
But bring's a Gill:
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainſt my Will.

O black Ey'd *Beſs*, and mim mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a ſair Leg,
For whan ye fail,
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,
Nor yet ye'r Tail.

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice; but ſtick to him like Glew,
And whan ſet down,
Drive at the Jango till he ſpew,
Syn he'll ſleep ſoun.

When he's aſleep, then dive and catch
His ready Caſh, his Rings or Watch;
And gin he likes to light his Match
At your Spunk-Box,
Ne'er ſtand to let the fumbling Wretch
E'en take the Pox.

Cleek a ye can be Hook or Crook,
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
Be ſure to truff his Pocket-book,
Saxty Pound Scots
Is nae deaf Nits; In little Bouk
Ly great Bank-Notes.

To get a Menſe of whindging Fools,
That's frighted for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,
Turn ſweer to pay,
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools
Anither Day.

But daut Red-Coats, and let them ſcoup
Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup;
To gee them up ye need na houp
E'er to do well,
They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,
And play the De'l.

There's ae ſair Croſs attends the Craft,
That curſt Correction-houſe where aft
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings ſaft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a Body daft;
But what'll ye ſay?

Nane gathers Gear withoutten Care,
Ilk Pleaſure has of Pain a Skare;
Suppoſe then they ſhould tirle ye bare,
And gar ye ſike,
E'en learn to thole; it's very fair
Ye're Nibour like.

For-

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Loſſes,
Ye'r Milk-white Teeth, and Cheeks like Roſes,
Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noſes,
Faws down wi Dads;
To keep your Hearts up 'neath ſic Croſſes,
Set up for Bawds.

Wi' well criſh'd Looſs I hae been canty;
Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
To try the auld Game *Taunty Ranty*,
Like Cooſers keen,
They took Advice of me your Aunty,
If ye were clean.

Then up I took my Siller Ca,
And whiſtl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a
Poor Country KATE,
As haleſom as the Well of *Spaw*,
But unka blate.

Sae whan e'er Company came in,
And were upo' a merry Pin,
I ſlade away wi' little Din
And muckle Menſe,
Left Conſcience Judge, it was a' ane
To Lucky SPENCE.

My

My Benniſon come on good Doers,
Who ſpend their Caſh on Bawds and Whores,
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
For a ſare Snout:
Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire ſmoors,
And puts nae out.

My Maliſon light ilka Day
On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
But takes a Snack and rins away;
May't be their Hap
Never to want a *Gonorrhœa,*
Or rotten Clap.

Laſs gi'e us in anither Gill,
A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
Let Death ſyne regiſtrate his Bill
Whan I want Senſe,
I'll ſlip away with better Will,
Quo' Lucky SPENCE.